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BUTTONNOSE
a children's play

By

Richard F. Norquist

B.S., Bemidji State College, 1960

Presented in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of

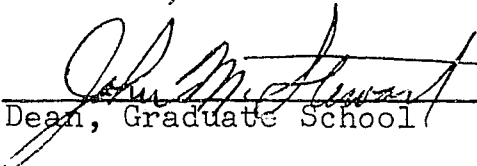
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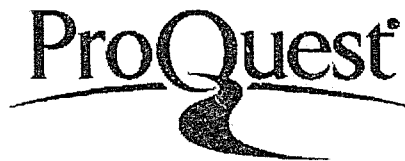
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BUTTONNOSE

By Richard F. Norquist

CHARACTERS

ROBERTA HARRISBONE	MR. FORTISH
MR. HARRISBONE	MRS. FORTISH
MRS. HARRISBONE	BRUZCO
CYCLONE	CARLOS
BLACK PETE	GRANDMA BUTTERFLY
MULE	REYONA
JIMMY X	MR. WIGGENBOTTOM
THE CHIEF	MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM
THE OLD ONE	MISS PRUDDY
MR. PEABODY	THE MAYOR

ACT ONE

Scene One: Somewhere in the mountains and in the ghost town.

Scene Two: The hayloft in Old Man Fergerson's Livery Stable and in the woods behind the stable.

Scene Three: At the Gypsy Camp.

ACT TWO

The Ghost Town

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE:

(Down the center aisle of the theater which represents a path leading through the forest, enters MR. & MRS. HARRISBONE and ROBERTA. The mother and father are in their early fifties and the daughter in her teens. MR. HARRISBONE, in his role as a typical American tourist, is loaded down with the paraphernalia of his position. Among other things, he is carrying cameras, two folding camp chairs, The Guide to Antique Collecting, binoculars, drinking canteens and a full lunch basket. He has a continuous battle with these objects.)

ROBERTA

(She runs down the aisle and stops just in front of the apron.)

There's another path up here, daddy.

MR. HARRISBONE

(Stopping half way down the aisle, his wife is several feet behind him.)

Slow down, will you. We don't want to lose you. Watch out for that branch, Marion.

MRS. HARRISBONE

Wait, Herbert. I've got another stone in my shoe. (She removes the shoe.) Mmmmm, that feels good. Don't you think we should turn around?

MR. HARRISBONE

We'll go just a little ways further, then we'll go back. Here, I'll help you over this log.

ROBERTA

Daddy, I've got my foot caught!

MR. HARRISBONE

Just hold on, I'll be right there.

MRS. HARRISBONE

(Approaching the apron)

We aren't going to climb that, Herbert!

ROBERTA

Oh, mother, it's not very high. We'll help you up and then we'll rest awhile.

MR. HARRISBONE

(He first crawls up onto the stage then assists his wife. ROBERTA pushes from behind. ROBERTA then follows.)

Well it's about time, my legs are killing me. Easy now. 'Upszy Daisy'.

(He removes the two folding chairs from his pack and he and his wife sit.)

I think I should have thought twice about letting you talk us into trying to find a shortcut, Roberta. I'm not in good enough shape to be hiking around in these mountains all day.

ROBERTA

Daddy, don't be a drag. You don't mind it do you mother?

MRS. HARRISBONE

I'm afraid your father is right. We'll never find that road if this fog doesn't lift soon.

ROBERTA

But

MR. HARRISBONE

Roberta, it's already 2:30 and we'll barely make it back to the car the way it is.

ROBERTA

Look, the sun's trying to break through!

MR. HARRISBONE

So now all I see are more trees. I'm sorry, but we're going to turn back as soon as we catch our breath. Maybe some other day we can come back and find your ghost town.

MRS. HARRISBONE

We may as well eat. It'll be less weight to carry back.

(As MR. & MRS. HARRISBONE are preparing to eat, ROBERTA turns upstage and sees a ghost town beginning to materialize.)

Mummy...Daddy...

MR. HARRISBONE

Roberta, please. We are not going one step further.

MRS. HARRISBONE

Herbert, the sun feels good. There must be a million trees out there. It's like a carpet stretching for miles.

ROBERTA

Mummy! Daddy! Please turn around and look!

MRS. HARRISBONE

At more trees? Really the view this way is much better.

ROBERTA

Not trees..A ghost town!

MR. HARRISBONE

(Turning) Roberta, I said no more jokes. Your mother and I are...are...

MRS. HARRISBONE

What is it, Herbert? Herbert? Speak to me. What in heaven's name are you two looking at? (She turns and sees the ghost town.) That wasn't there a few minutes ago!

MR. HARRISBONE

I know....

ROBERTA

Is..Is it for real?

MR. HARRISBONE

Of course it is..I think?

MRS. HARRISBONE

Herbert, I'm frightened!

MR. HARRISBONE

Oh don't be silly..It..it was just hidden in the fog..

(The three then move to the buildings.)

Well, come on. This is what we've been looking for.

(He searches through a map.)

This is odd. There are supposed to be two ghost towns in this valley. Chester Gulch, here, and about ten miles further north, Nugget. But there's no mention of any other..What is the name of this town?

ROBERTA

Over here, daddy. (Points to a faded sign over the saloon) Sweetwater!

MR. HARRISBONE

Well there's no mention of a ghost town called Sweetwater.

ROBERTA

Do you mean we've actually discovered a new ghost town!

MR. HARRISBONE

I think the town has discovered us. I bet this place hasn't been touched by souvenir hunters.

ROBERTA

It kind of gives you a gooy feeling.

MRS. HARRISBONE

What do you mean?

ROBERTA

It's so creepy. We're the first people to ever come back to this ghost town. Why do you think they left, daddy?

MR. HARRISBONE

Mines played out, gold fever, who knows?

(MR. HARRISBONE goes to the jail and ROBERTA peers into the saloon.)

ROBERTA

This is neat! There're tables and chairs in here..even an old piano!

MR. HARRISBONE

This must have been their old jail. One cell, a desk, why there's even a couple of "wanted" posters tacked to the wall.

MRS. HARRISBONE

(She finds a small bottle near the steps of the saloon.)

Herbert, Herbert! Come here. Look what I've found! It's an old bottle and part of the label is still on it!

MR. HARRISBONE

Pretty badly soiled, but I believe I can make out the writing..Grand..Grandma Butterfly's Bitterroot Elixer.

(He pages through the Antique guide.)

Hold it, ah, here it is. Grandma Butterfly's Bitterroot Elixer. Probable dates from 1850 to 1900. Herbaceous extract, dubious medicinal value. Peddled by a roving band of Gypsies, throughout the entire area west of the Mississippi. Value of bottle \$15.00.

ROBERTA

(She finds several bullet holes in the wall of the saloon.)

Daddy, what are these?

MR. HARRISBONE

Mmm, yes. They're bullet holes alright. Made from an old Colt 45, I'd say...

(On the porch of the saloon an old rocking chair seemingly begins to rock by itself.)

ROBERTA

Daddy, daddy!

MR. HARRISBONE

There must have been a gunfight, right here in the street.

ROBERTA

Daddy, look!

MR. HARRISBONE

What is it?

ROBERTA

The..the rocking chair, it's..it's rocking!

MR. HARRISBONE

Well rocking chairs are supposed to rock.

ROBERTA

By itself?

MRS. HARRISBONE

It..it is rocking, Herbert, look!

MR. HARRISBONE

(Stops the chair) It's just a breeze, that's all. The chair is just perfectly balanced.

ROBERTA

(Toying with her mother)

The Green Meanie of Sweetwater returns to avenge..

MRS. HARRISBONE

Roberta, stop that!

ROBERTA

(She stops in front of the post located on the porch and sees several initials carved there.)

Look at this, someone carved my initials on this post!

MRS. HARRISBONE

(Reading them) "J.X. luvs B.H."

ROBERTA

B.H., that's me!

MRS. HARRISBONE

Your initials are R.H., Roberta, Not Bobbie. I've told you a million times, Bobbie is so tomboyish.

ROBERTA

Oh, 'Roberta' is so..dingy.

MR. HARRISBONE

Well I doubt very much that the boy who carved this was thinking of you honey. Unless you're a hundred years old or so.

MRS. HARRISBONE

Herbert!

(She notices something at the end of the street, off stage.)

Herbert, isn't that a railroad station down at the end of this street?

MR. HARRISBONE

I believe you're right. Say, I want to see that!

(MR. & MRS. HARRISBONE begin to walk off stage. They stop and turn to ROBERTA.)

Wouldn't it be groovy if those initials really were mine!

MRS. HARRISBONE

Aren't you coming along with us?

ROBERTA

If it's ok, I'll just stay around here.

(She touches the initials and repeats them to herself.)

MR. HARRISBONE

I guess it'll be ok. But don't go into any of the buildings. They may not be safe.

ROBERTA

I'll just stay on the porch, kind of dragy anyway.

MRS. HARRISBONE

I can imagine, you ran up this mountain. We'll leave the lunch basket with you. Now remember what daddy said.

MR. HARRISBONE

We'll be back in a few minutes.

(MR. & MRS. HARRISBONE exit.)

MRS. HARRISBONE

It is getting rather late, Herbert.

MR. HARRISBONE

I know. We'll leave soon. I wonder what gage those rails are. It's remarkable how they could have ever built a railroad through mountains like this.

ROBERTA

(She strolls about, runs her fingers over the carved initials and bullet holes. She then imagines herself as a gunman. Turning and drawing, she shoots, spins and lands near the lunch basket on the porch. From the basket she takes out a stick of gum and places it in her mouth. Suddenly she yawns and stretches and is surprised to find herself falling asleep so quickly. As ROBERTA sleeps, strange things happen to the ghost town--it comes alive! A hitching post straightens out. The shutters on the saloon open by themselves. An old faded sign flips over revealing a newly painted sign. As this transition takes place an accompaniment of electronic music may be effective. From the saloon a piano is heard. The townspeople begin to appear as ROBERTA awakes. Laughter and voices are heard coming from the

saloon. CYCLONE enters the saloon followed by MR. WIGGENBOTTOM who almost makes it but is dragged off by the ear by his wife. MR. PEABODY, standing on a box is placing bunting on one of the buildings.)

MR. FORTISH

(Leaving the jail, he crosses to MR. PEABODY.)

Hi, Hank. Should be a beautiful day for the celebration tomorrow.

MR. PEABODY

Expect they'll be coming in for miles. Say, how's the Mrs.?

MR. FORTISH

Fine, fine. (MRS. FORTISH enters and crosses to him.) Oh, here she is now.

MR. PEABODY

Howdy, Mrs. Fortish. All set for the big doings?

MRS. FORTISH

Certainly am. Oh, Fred, would you help us finish the booth in the church parlor?

(They both exit.)

ROBERTA

(Utterly shocked and amazed, she can't believe her eyes. Then through the swinging doors of the saloon, flies CYCLONE, an old Scottish sourdough. When he lands in the street, his glasses fall to the ground. Following at his heels is BLACK PETE. As the name would imply, he is the villain, although quite harmless. Directly behind him, is his ever-present sidekick, MULE, equally

as harmless but three times as stupid.)

BLACK PETE

And don't you come in here again until you got money, you contagious crowbait.

MULE

Yeah, crowbait.

CYCLONE

You can no do this to me and get away with it, you young whipper snappers. Any day now I'll be striking gold, then we'll see who's laughing.

BLACK PETE

Listen, you old sourdough, the only gold you'll ever find will be in someone's teeth. Now don't hang around the Red Eye less you got money or I'll personally match that hole you already got in your head. Come along, Mule.

MULE

You told him, boss! You sure told..

BLACK PETE

Shut up, Mule.

MULE

Yeah, shut up Mule.

(They both return to the saloon.)

ROBERTA

(Seeing CYCLONE crawling around searching for his glasses, she crosses to him.)

Did you lose something sir?

CYCLONE

Aye, that I did. But who's speaking to me? I'm no seeing too well.

ROBERTA

My name is Bobbie, Bobbie Harisbone. Can I help you?

CYCLONE

Aye, that you can, lad. It's ma spectacles, they fell off ma nose during that little..difference of opinion. They're around here someplace and if you can find them for me, lad, I'll be indeed grateful.

ROBERTA

Oh, here they are. (Gives them to CYCLONE)

CYCLONE

You're a good lad you are, a good lad. (Puts on the glasses) Ah, you're no lad..You're a lassie! Now, Bobbie is no name for a sweet thing like you. It's a laddy's name.

ROBERTA

Oh, my real name is Roberta, but I want my friends to call me Bobbie.

CYCLONE

Aye, then Bobbie it is....and a good Scottish name, too.

(In a hurry to get away from his wife, MR. WIGGENBOTTOM rushes on stage. He brushes past ROBERTA and exits into the saloon. MR. & MRS. FORTISH enter and exit across the stage.)

ROBERTA

Mr. Cyclone, I'm all mixed up. This place has gone kooky! Where did all the people come from? You..Everyone? Just a few minutes ago the only people here in this town were my parents and myself..then..then all of a sudden..zap! The town is boom!

CYCLONE

Zap? Boom? We're getting ready for the 4th of July celebration tomorrow. Aye, lassie, it should be a real hum-dinger of a time. One of the...

ROBERTA

No, no, I mean this place was nothing! Sweetwater was a..a ghost town!

CYCLONE

A ghost town? If you weren't such a bonnie lass, I'd say you've been chewing on loco weed. Maybe you've been in the sun too long.

ROBERTA

Please, Mr. Cyclone. I think I really flipped. My parents and I hiked into the woods and found this ghost town. But the town has changed! I was sitting on those steps and my parents said they were going to look at the train station. Am I going buggy?

CYCLONE

Going buggy? Aye, there's only one buggy in town. Mr. Fergerson has one stored in his barn but I don't think he'd rent it to you.

ROBERTA

I don't mean a horse and buggy. I mean nutty, buggy, loony, kooky!

CYCLONE

Aye, cookies! You can buy cookies at the general store. I would get the ones with the white frosting..

ROBERTA

Not cookie..Kooky.

CYCLONE

Kookie, ah, yes. Now as for your folks finding the train station, they're going to have a dickens of a time cause there ain't any.

ROBERTA

Why it's right down this street. (Points offstage) At--at least I thought it was there, Mr. Cyclone. (She begins to cry.)

CYCLONE

Now, now, Lassie, you and me are friends, right? Then let's drop the mister. We'll find your folks. But until we do, you'd better stick with me and we'll look for them together. Everything will be ok. Besides, I've got a partner that I'd like you to meet.

(JIMMY, who has just entered, sees the basket on the porch. He picks it up and is about to exit.)

ROBERTA

Look, someone is trying to steal my lunch basket!

CYCLONE

Aye, that's me partner now. (Shouting) Jimmy X, stop, you hear or I'll part your hair with me bowie knife.

JIMMY

I'm stopping, I'm stopping.

CYCLONE

Now fetch yourself over here and make it snappy.

ROBERTA

You tried to steal my lunch basket. (Takes it from him)

JIMMY

Who's she, Cyclone?

CYCLONE

Easy, now, laddy. Jimmy, I want you to meet our new partner.

JIMMY

New partner?

CYCLONE

Just for a wee while. Her name is Bobbie.

JIMMY

Cyclone, she's a girl.

CYCLONE

Aye, that she is and a pretty one, too. Except her talk's a little funny. Now you watch your manners and keep a civil tongue. She's lost her folks.

JIMMY

The Indians get them or was it the fever?

CYCLONE

Neither, they're just misplaced, that's all. She'll be staying with us till we find them.

JIMMY

Well, I don't like it, girls can be one dang heck of a headache.

CYCLONE

You watch your language, you hear me, laddie. I've always taught you to behave right and proper. Bobbie, this is me mining partner, Jimmy X.

JIMMY

Hi.

ROBERTA

Hi.

CYCLONE

I'll go and talk to the sheriff and see if he's seen your folks about. By the way, where's your home?

ROBERTA

Pine Ridge, Iowa.

CYCLONE

Iowa! Aye, that's a far piece to travel. You come by wagon or river boat?

ROBERTA

We came by automobile.

CYCLONE

By automobile you say..And what's that? Kooky, buggy, automobile! Oh, never mind. I'll see the sheriff. Jimmy, you act like a gentleman you hear, and show Bobbie around the town.

(He exits into the jail.)

ROBERTA

Aren't you supposed to show me around?

JIMMY

Ain't nothing to see.

ROBERTA

Show me anyway.

(They move to the jail, JIMMY looks into the window.)

Anyone inside?

JIMMY

Nope, 'cept the sheriff and Cyclone.

(ROBERTA follows JIMMY in "follow the leader.")

Like crows? I got a pet one back at the cabin. We call him "Acorn."

(They jump on the box on which MR. PEABODY is standing.)

MR. PEABODY

Hey, you kids, get out of here!

ROBERTA

We're sorry.

JIMMY

Try and catch us.

MR. PEABODY

Scat, you hear!

(ROBERTA stands directly in front of the swinging doors of the saloon.)

JIMMY

I wouldn't stand there, if I were you.

ROBERTA

Why not?

(Just then MR. WIGGENBOTTOM comes sailing through the door, followed by BLACK PETE and MULE.)

JIMMY

That's why.

BLACK PETE

The next time I catch you looking at my girl, I'm going to knock you into the next valley. Now get!

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Sure, Mr. Black Pete, I'm getting, I'm getting. My eyes are glued shut.

BLACK PETE

Then get your dang busted hide out of my sight.

(MR. WIGGENBOTTOM exits.)

(JIMMY & ROBERTA are now looking under the swinging doors and into the saloon.)

MULE

That's telling him. You sure told him, boss. You sure did. Boss, you really...

BLACK PETE

Mule, shut up.

MULE

Yeah, Mule, shut up.

BLACK PETE

I've got some mighty heavy things on my mind, so I don't want to be bothered.

MULE

Big plans, Boss?

BLACK PETE

Yeah, Big Plans! I'll tell you about them later, say midnight, in the woods behind the livery stable. Be there on time and don't tell noone.

MULE

Sure, boss, my lips are sealed. I won't tell a soul.

(As MULE exits, he mumbles to himself quite loudly.)

Livery stable, midnight. Livery stable, midnight.

BLACK PETE

(He throws up his hands in disgust and exits to the saloon.)

Scat, you kids.

JIMMY

There goes the two meanest polecats in the territory. I heard say that the big one brushes his teeth with a porcupine hide.

ROBERTA

How come Cyclone calls you Jimmy X?

JIMMY

That's my name.

ROBERTA

I mean, "X", that's a funny last name.

JIMMY

That's all I got. Cyclone found me on a wagon train when I was a baby. I was the only one left after the fever hit. He didn't know my name so he just called me Jimmy X. Come on. Say we've got a claim just a few miles from here, and we'll be hitting gold any day now.

ROBERTA

That's groovy!

JIMMY

Groovy?

ROBERTA

It means, hep, great, zowie!

JIMMY

Have you ever seen a...a groovy gold mine?

(As JIMMY continues to speak, CHIEF and THE OLD ONE enter and approach JIMMY from behind. Only ROBERTA sees them and becomes frightened. The CHIEF, dressed in his half cavalry, half Indian garb is a living example of why the two cultures should never mix. The OLD ONE, is simply that. To place her age as under a hundred and ten would be an insult.)

JIMMY

We've been following a quartz vein for about fifty feet, and could hit gold any time now. Sure hope so. Cyclone deserves to get a dandy strike, if anybody does.

(ROBERTA begins to wave frantically.)

What's the matter?

ROBERTA

Be-behind you!

JIMMY

(Turns) Oh, Hi chief, Old One.

(The two answer with a grunt.)

ROBERTA

Are they dangerous?

JIMMY

Of course not. They're out neighbors, and good ones, too. That is if you don't mind a little howling.

ROBERTA

Howling?

JIMMY

The Chief and the Old One are supposed to be the last of a tribe called the howling Apshees. They'll howl at anything, sun, moon. They just like to howl.

CHIEF & THE OLD ONE

Haawhoo!

JIMMY

See what I mean. Chief, this is Bobbie. She's going to stay with us for awhile.

(As the CHIEF inspects ROBERTA'S hair, the OLD ONE also moves in for a closer look.)

CHIEF

Little squaw gottem pretty hair. Maybe look nice on belt!

ROBERTA

Jimmy!

JIMMY

He's just teasing you.

CHIEF

We lookem for Cyclone. Him maybe got trouble. Spirits say claim jumpers might come into valley.

JIMMY

He went to see the sheriff. You'll find him over at the jail.

CHIEF

Cyclone not in that much trouble. Spirits might be wrong. We see him later. Mighty nice looking hair.

(The OLD ONE begins to howl again but the CHIEF places his hand over her mouth. They both exit.)

ROBERTA

You're certain they're friendly?

JIMMY

Of course, the old one can't be too dangerous. She's lost all her teeth.

ROBERTA

(Playfully, she turns to the two INDIANS and howls. They immediately turn and answer her then dance off stage. CYCLONE enters from jail.)

JIMMY

Oh, here's Cyclone. The Chief and the Old One were looking for you, but they didn't seem to want to go near the jail.

ROBERTA

Did you find out anything about my parents?

CYCLONE

I'm sorry, lassie, but he didn't see any strangers come in on the stage coach.

ROBERTA

Oh, you don't dig me at all. We came by car, not by stage coach!

CYCLONE

I know nothing about digging up this car, but he hasn't seen no strangers about. Here he comes now. You can ask him yourself.

(From the jail, MR. HARRISBONE appears, but in the costume of the sheriff. He does not recognize ROBERTA.)

Sheriff, this is the lassie I was telling you about.

ROBERTA

Daddy, daddy! I thought you were lost! (Throws her arms around him) But why are you wearing those funny clothes? Where's mother?

MR. HARRISBONE

Hold on now, little girl. You've got me mixed up with someone else.

CYCLONE

Bobbie, this is Sheriff Dooly, he's been our sheriff here in Sweetwater for the past fifteen years. And I know he's got no little lassie like you.

MR. HARRISBONE

In fact, I'm not even married. But I will keep an eye out for your folks.

ROBERTA

But..but you look so much like my daddy. Why, you even talk like him.

MR. HARRISBONE

Well, if I ever do get married, I hope I have a girl just like you. But right now, I've got to check on a few details for our celebration tomorrow. I'll tell you what, I'm riding up to Chester Gulch in the morning and I'll have the sheriff there also keep an eye out for your folks. Now, kids, don't forget the big 4th of July celebration tomorrow. A pie eating contest, kissing booth, all kinds of games. Why, even the Gypsies will be here.

(MRS. HARRISBONE enters carrying a very small box. She is dressed in the costume of that era. She, also, does not recognize ROBERTA.)

MRS. HARRISBONE

Mr. Dooly, could I impose on you to carry this parcel down to the general store. It's so heavy.

ROBERTA

Mother!

(CYCLONE restrains her.)

MR. HARRISBONE

It'll be my pleasure, Miss Angie. (To ROBERTA) If you'll excuse me.

(MR. & MRS. HARRISBONE begin to exit.)

MRS. HARRISBONE

My, what a pretty little girl.

MR. HARRISBONE

Don't worry now, we'll keep an eye out for your folks.

(They exit.)

ROBERTA

Oh, Mr. Cyclone..That lady, she's my mother! And the sheriff
..he's my daddy. But..but they don't know me! They never
saw me before! (Begins to cry) Oh, Cyclone.

CYCLONE

Now..now.

FADE OUT

SCENE TWO:

(CYCLONE, ROBERTA & JIMMY have moved down to the apron. The curtain closes behind them. They are seated on the edge of the stage which represents the hay-loft. The lunch basket is near ROBERTA.)

CYCLONE

That was a fine meal, Bobbie. But there was no need to eat your lunch, I could have gathered up some grub. We're beholden to you.

(JIMMY blows up a plastic food bag and explodes it.)

Hey, Jimmy. You'll scare the horses. You, Bobbie, this is no our real home. Mr. Fergerson lets us sleep here in the hay loft when we come to town.

JIMMY

It's really quite nice, as long as those horses, down there, don't snore.

CYCLONE

You think you two should be drinking that stuff? I trust nothing that comes in a bottle less the smell is familiar.

ROBERTA

Oh, it's harmless. We call it coke. Say Jimmy, let me show you a trick. Put your finger over the top of the bottle. Real tight. Now shake it hard. Hokkes pokkes..

(As he begins to shake it, he notices the pressure building up.)

JIMMY

Hey, Cyclone! Something inside the bottle is pushing on my finger!

ROBERTA

Lift up your finger.

JIMMY

It won't get out will it?

ROBERTA

See what happens.

(When he lifts his finger he first squirts himself, then ROBERTA & CYCLONE. Finally, in order to stop it, he places the end of the bottle in his mouth.)

JIMMY

Hey, that's fun!

(He shakes the bottle again but to no avail. No pressure.)

What happened? Where did it go?

ROBERTA

You just lost the pressure.

JIMMY

Ah, it ain't on the floor anyplace.

(Searches around him)

ROBERTA

This is something you might like! It's chewing gum. Here, have a stick.

(She has found a package of chewing gum in the basket and gives CYCLONE & JIMMY each a piece.)

CYCLONE

You say chewing tobacco?

ROBERTA

No. It's like candy. Except you can chew it.

CYCLONE

If it's for chewing, then it's got to be chewing tobacco.
(Smells it) Too sweet. I prefer me own, thank you.

ROBERTA

Say, I betcha I got something else you've never seen!

(From the basket she pulls a
small transistor radio.)

JIMMY

What is it?

ROBERTA

(Giving the radio to JIMMY)

It's a radio.

JIMMY

A..ra..dio? Hey Cyclone, look sure is pretty ain't it.
What's it used for?

CYCLONE

You must keep jewlery in it huh? A fine piece of crafts-
manship.

JIMMY

What are these funny little knobs for...(He turns on the
radio.)

RADIO

And now a word from Krumpies!

(CYCLONE & JIMMY, bewildered and
unable to locate source of voice.)

Tell me friends, when was the last time you looked into your
cupboard?

CYCLONE

Yesterday morning..Before we left for Sweetwater!

RADIO

And what did you see?

CYCLONE

J-Jimmy?

JIMMY

B-Bacon, flour and..and beans!

RADIO

No Krumpies?

(CYCLONE & JIMMY nod no.)

Then go to your friendly grocer today and pick up a box of Krumpies..Remember!...(sung) "Krumpies for the kiddies, mom and daddy too, they're vitamin fortified!"

(JIMMY touches the knob and moves the dial to another station. There is a loud blast of classical music. He turns the knob again.)

RADIO

Hello there, this is your old buddy Happy Slim Needle, the cooly cool DJ from the big sound KKJC. Flick your tuners to this latest cut by them ever loven' North Polers doing their happy thing "You're a Purple Turkey in my Heart."

(CYCLONE grabs the radio and is able to turn it off.)

CYCLONE

Bobbie, you can stay with us as long as you wish but you got to promise never to take that evil thing out of your lunch basket again.

ROBERTA

(She replaces the radio to the basket.)

Cyclone, what you and Jimmy heard on the radio was from 1969! But you said it's 1894..I've got to be dreaming.

CYCLONE

Ah, now lassie, there's nothing to be worried about. You must have had the fever and been out of your mind awhile. I once knew a man who had the fever and ended up thinking he was a prairie dog. He was out digging holes in his pasture for a week before he came to his senses.

ROBERTA

But I've never been sick in my life. Except one time when I had a reaction to a penicillin shot.

CYCLONE

You got shot by a Penicillin! We've got some pretty warlike tribes around here, too. But I doubt that any one of them would ever shoot a lassie like your Penicillin tribe did!

ROBERTA

Penicillin isn't a tribe, it's a medicine. Oh, Cyclone, what's going to happen to me?

CYCLONE

You can stay with us as long as you like, that is until we find your parents. And tomorrow! You two kids should have buckets of fun!

JIMMY

Oh, sure! They'll have games and things! Even the gypsies will be there! Have you ever seen Gypsies?

(ROBERTA nods no.)

They do magic..and tell fortunes. Strange things happen when they're around.

ROBERTA

Both of you have been so kind. I don't know how I can ever thank you two. Cyclone, I've never had a grandfather but if I do, I wish he'd be just like you. And you, Jimmy, you're real cool....for a boy that is. (JIMMY touches his forehead.) Ok, I mean real nice.

CYCLONE

(blows his nose) Now if you two are going to get up bright eyed and bushy tailed in the morning, you'd better get some sleep. Bobbie, there's a nice soft spot over there in the corner. Now go to sleep, both of you.

ROBERTA

Good night, Mr. Cyclone, and thank you so very much.

(She turns and kisses him on the cheek.)

JIMMY

(Mimicking ROBERTA) Good night, Mr. Cyclone, and thank you so very much.

CYCLONE

Ah, to bed now, or I'll take my belt to both of you. Good night....good night..

(As the lights dim CYCLONE stretches out on the floor and falls asleep.)

JIMMY

Psst! Bobbie.

ROBERTA

What?

JIMMY

Psst. It's me. Want to sneak out and have some fun?

ROBERTA

What can we do this late at night?

JIMMY

Throw rocks up on the Mayor's roof. Boy, does he get mad when they come rolling down.

ROBERTA

Oh, that's corny. Say, let's do something really fun and sneak up on the Gypsy camp!

JIMMY

I don't know, they're not the friendliest people in the world.

(CYCLONE stirs.)

Shhhh.

ROBERTA

You're not chicken, are you?

JIMMY

Heck no. Well, come on, but don't wake up Cyclone.

(The two climb off the apron and while they talk they walk through one of the rows of seats and then return to the stage again. Meanwhile, CYCLONE has picked up the lunch basket and has made an exit.)

ROBERTA

(BLACK PETE is standing in the shadows at extreme right.)

Jimmy, are you sure it was ok to sneak out without telling Cyclone where we were going?

JIMMY

He'd only have stopped us. Besides you wanted to see the Gypsy camp, didn't you? There won't be any trouble as long as we stay in the shadows when we reach their camp and get back before Cyclone wakes up.

ROBERTA

How far away is it? I..I can't see a thing in these woods. It's kind of scarey isn't it? I mean all these branches seem to be reaching out trying to grab us. You scared, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Heck no. Cyclone always says that there's nothing in the dark that wasn't there during the day. Besides I can protect you, and I know my way around in the dark. Cyclone says that I'd make a first class night owl.

(BLACK PETE moves slightly and coughs.)

Stop!

ROBERTA

What's the matter?

JIMMY

Shhh! Don't move!

ROBERTA

What is it? (No answer) What is it?..Jimmy! What is it?

JIMMY

Shhh. Don't know, but I aim to find out.

ROBERTA

You aren't going to leave me..are you?

JIMMY

Oh, you'll be safe. Just get down and don't make a sound. I'm going up a bit further and get a better look.

ROBERTA

But..

JIMMY

Now keep still. (Crawls away) Dang girls anyway, always talking.

(He crawls several feet then drops off the apron and creeps closer to BLACK PETE. He then returns to ROBERTA.)

ROBERTA

What was it? A..A bear?

JIMMY

No, a man, but he didn't look very friendly. I couldn't see his face in the dark, but good buys don't stand by themselves way out in the woods. We'd better just stay put till he leaves.

MULE

(Backing on stage, he searches for BLACK PETE.)

Boss, where are you, boss? Hey, boss! Can you hear me? Ya hoo, boss, where are you?

(He backs into BLACK PETE and both jump in fright.)

Gee, I didn't see you there in the shadows.

BLACK PETE

Keep your voice down, you stupid fool. This is supposed to be a secret meeting. Now why in blazes are you so late? I've been waiting for a half an hour.

MULE

I had to make a wide circle around the Gypsy camp down the road. They were gathered around their fire and up to no good. I wasn't about to bust in on their party. Hey, boss, why do we have to be so secret?

BLACK PETE

Because I got plans, boy. Big plans! We need money, right?

MULE

Yesh, boss.

BLACK PETE

Well, I got plans on how to get that money!

MULE

How, boss? How?

BLACK PETE

Mule, you and me are going to rob ourselves a bank!

MULE

Why, boss?

BLACK PETE

For the gold, stupid, for the gold! I need money to buy some presents for my girl, Big Lil.

(He pulls a bottle from inside his shirt.)

Look! Bought it this morning for her. It's one of them foreign perfumes. Cost twenty dollars. Here, smell it!

MULE

Gee, it smells good, boss. Like dandylions!

BLACK PETE

Roses! You blockhead, that's rose smell!

MULE

Yeah, boss, roses. But ain't it kind of strong?

BLACK PETE

The store man said it was called "concentrate." You supposed to cut it with water. Now back to the plans.

MULE

Yeah, boss, the plans. But won't it be dangerous, I mean, we might be caught.

BLACK PETE

No problem. I heard the sheriff is riding up to Chester Gulch tomorrow and won't be back till late. It'll be a cinch. We'll do the job sometime when everyone's out on the street celebrating. Now listen closely, Mule.

(MULE puts his ear to BLACK PETE's mouth.)

Not that close. It's going to be your job to keep an eye on the crowd tomorrow and when I get everything set up, you'll come and help me bust in.

MULE

Yeah, boss. We're going to be rich, huh?

BLACK PETE

Yeah, we're going to be rich, huh.

(BLACK PETE & MULE continue to talk in a low mumble.)

JIMMY

Did you hear that! They're going to rob the bank tomorrow!

ROBERTA

We'd better tell someone. (Begins to sneeze) Jimmy....

JIMMY

Yeah?

ROBERTA

I'm afraid I'm...I'm going to sneeze!

JIMMY

Oh, no, not now! They'll catch us sure. Do something, hold your breath!

ROBERTA

That's what I've been doing for the last five minutes....
ah...ah...ah..

JIMMY

Hold your nose. Like this.

ROBERTA

Ah..ah.. (Holds her nose for a few seconds) Say, it works!
Aaaaachooo!

MULE

What was that? (Moving behind BLACK PETE)

BLACK PETE

I don't know. Go and see! (Moving behind MULE)

MULE

Me, boss?

BLACK PETE

Yes, you. Now get out there and see what that was.

MULE

Yeah, yeah, boss.

(Very frightened, he slowly moves
toward the children.)

JIMMY

Someone's coming this way. We've got to do something quick!
Make some noise! Howl, bark. Do anything!

ROBERTA

Are you dingy? You said to keep quiet.

JIMMY

Just trust me. When I count to three, howl like a wolf but
make it loud. One, two, three.

(The two begin howling and bark-
ing.)

MULE

(Hearing this noise sends terror through his heart. He jumps, screams, and runs back to BLACK PETE throwing himself into his arms.)

BLACK PETE

Get off me, you..you coward.

MULE

(Still clinging to BLACK PETE)

It was a wolf, boss! Or maybe a grizzly!

BLACK PETE

I know, I heard. Now get off of me. My bottle! You broke my perfume bottle. You fool!

MULE

I'm sorry, boss.

BLACK PETE

Ah, my shirt is just soaked with perfume. And I don't own another one.

MULE

(Moves in for a close smell)

Gee, boss, you smell pretty. Like dandylions!

BLACK PETE

Roses! I told you, roses. Now let's get out of here before the whole Gypsy camp comes down on us.

(BLACK PETE & MULE exit.)

JIMMY

They've gone, come on.

(JIMMY & ROBERTA move to the area that BLACK PETE & MULE have just vacated.)

ROBERTA

Don't you think we should tell Cyclone about the bank robbery?

JIMMY

We can tell him in the morning. You want to see the Gypsies, and we're so close.

ROBERTA

I guess so.

(She begins to sniff the air.)

ROBERTA

I smell dandylions!

JIMMY

(Sniffing) That's roses. It must have been that bottle of perfume that was broken.

ROBERTA

(Wrinkles her nose) Phew! What a smell.

JIMMY

Come on, the Gypsy camp should be just down this road.

ROBERTA

Hey, wait for me.

FADE OUT

SCENE THREE:

(On rise, we find a Gypsy camp. Gathered around the fire are CARLOS & GRANDMA BUTTERFLY. Before the fire, REYONA is just finishing a dance to the music of GRANDMA BUTTERFLY's guitar. Inside the tent or wagon sleeps BRUZCO. ROBERTA & JIMMY are seen watching the dance at a safe distance. When the dance stops, GRANDMA BUTTERFLY whispers to CARLOS who then leaves the camp fire and circles behind the two children.)

ROBERTA

Gee, this is really groovy, Jimmy. But what are they doing? You don't think they'll see us, do you? We seem kind of close.

JIMMY

No problem, they'll never see us in the dark and as long as we whisper, we'll be able to watch them all night. See that old woman stirring something in the kettle? I bet she's Grandma Butterfly, the one who the people in town were talking about. They say she's really a strange one. Actually can see into the future.

(CARLOS is now standing directly behind JIMMY & ROBERTA.)

ROBERTA

(Seeing CARLOS) Jim-Jimmy, I-I think there's..I think we've got company.

JIMMY

Don't be silly, we'll never get caught. Oh, don't be such a scaredy..(CARLOS taps him on the shoulder.) c-cat.

CARLOS

(Holding them) Ah, ha! What have we got here? A couple of spies! Come and join us. It must be cold out here in the woods.

JIMMY

We'd rather not, thank you.

ROBERTA

We were just on our way home.

CARLOS

You come with me.

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

What did you find in the woods, Carlos?

CARLOS

Two little puppies that said they were just on their way home. But I think the townspeople sent them to spy on us.

ROBERTA

Oh, no. We weren't spying, m'am. Just watching.

CARLOS

Same thing. I think we should..(Gives a motion across the throat.)

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

Carlos, Carlos, you are too much in a hurry. Besides I am in no hurry and I may need some extra things to toss into the kettle. Bring them closer..Do you children know who I am?

JIMMY

Gran-Grandma Butterfly!

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

You're a smart little pup, you are. But you two are in very serious trouble. Very serious. Carlos, wake up Bruzco, for it is he that must decide what should be done with these two.

CARLOS

But-but he's sleeping! You know how he gets when someone wakes him up.

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

It is his job as king to decide what shall be done. I am sorry, but he must be awakened. Someone has to wake him up.

CARLOS

Not me! Maybe tomorrow morning. I feel sick. Reyona?

(REYONA turns away from CARLOS.)

CARLOS

(Pleading) Reyona?

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

It is your duty, Carlos, as second cousin, to awaken him.

(CARLOS resigns himself to his fate and enters the tent.)

CARLOS

(From within) Bruzco..Bruzco..Oh handsome one..Oh wise and understanding..

(At first BRUZCO emits just a growl, then it builds into a thunderous roar. CARLOS backs out of the tent with a knife held at his throat. The bellowing bearlike BRUZCO also appears.)

BRUZCO

Who does this terrible thing to Bruzco? Waking me up in the middle of the night, in the middle of my sleep. For that I will tear the skin from someone's bones.

(Grabs CARLOS by the shirt)

Why did you wake me up, Carlos? Don't you like to breathe?

CARLOS

L-Look, Bruzco! Outsiders! They were sent to spy on us!

BRUZCO

Who are these people that spy on us? Ah! Just a little girl, and a little boy. Why do you do this thing to my people? It is no use to lie, for Grandma Butterfly can always tell if a person lies.

ROBERTA

Oh, we weren't spying! We just wanted to see the camp. I've never seen Gypsies before.

BRUZCO

Grandma?

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

She is telling the truth.

BRUZCO

You were not sent here to spy on us?

JIMMY

Oh, no.

BRUZCO

Then there was no harm done..Except! I had to wake up! Somebody has to pay for this terrible thing. (Moves to CARLOS.)

JIMMY

Please don't punish Carlos.

ROBERTA

It was our fault, sir. And we're sorry.

BRUZCO

You two are brave to speak up to Bruzco. Then we will leave it up to Grandma Butterfly and her crystal ball to tell you what your future will be. Grandma.

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

Aye, Bruzco. Please sit down. I will look into the ball.

(REYONA hands GRANDMA BUTTERFLY
a crystal ball which is found in
a small trunk.)

ROBERTA

You really can tell a person's fortune?

JIMMY

Tell Bobbie's fortune, maybe we'll be able to find out what
happened to her folks.

ROBERTA

Can you see what has happened in the past as well?

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

Aye, the crystal ball may look into the past or the future.
I have no control over it. Inside the ball, pictures appear.
I will see things that have happened many days ago or maybe
next year. The crystal ball does whatever it pleases. But
you must be quiet..Very quiet..I must concentrate..The haze
is clearing now. I am beginning to see images, shapes. Ah,
something is wrong! This is very strange. I see you doing
things that you have once done several weeks ago, and things
that you will do in the future, but at the same time, the
ball says you are not born yet! You won't be born till the
middle of the next century!

BRUZCO

Can that be, Grandma? She is right in front of you. Maybe
the ball is wrong.

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

No, the crystal ball never lies..It must be telling the
truth..only I don't quite understand it.

BRUZCO

But she is right in front of you..

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

It makes no difference. The ball never lies..maybe it stretches the truth a bit..but it never lies. Move closer, little girl, you are indeed a strange one. Now let me continue. Ah, I am seeing a very strange picture. She is holding an..an animal! An animal with a long nose that is wide at the end, and it is eating up dirt..so, sucking up dust from the floor! Ack! What a terrible noise!

ROBERTA

Why that's our kooky old vacuum cleaner. When it works I use it to help my mother clean house.

CARLOS

You keep this strange thing in your house?

ROBERTA

Of course, we store it in the closet.

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

Bruzco, have you ever seen this kooky vacuum cleaner animal before?

BRUZCO

No, but she must be brave to hold such a kooky terrible thing in her bare hands!

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

Ah, another picture is appearing. I now see you..you are putting a slice of bread into a box..Ack! It jumped out! The bread is burnt!

ROBERTA

Our toaster, my daddy was going to fix it before we went on our trip.

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

Yes, your trip, I am beginning to see this too. No! This is too much! She is not riding in a wagon or boat or on a horse..she is riding in a..a red colored cockroach! It is

a bug, but..but it has wheels! A bug with wheels? And it is moving faster than the fastest deer can run. Bruzco.. she is a strange one.

ROBERTA

It's our Volkswagon.

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

A Volkswagon? Yes, it must be a wagon..But what is this.. "Volks" thing? There are no horses. I must look into your future, maybe some of this can be explained...Bruzco! Come here and look! Quickly!

BRUZCO

(Peers into the ball) Can it be true?

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

It must be...the crystal ball never lies...

BRUZCO

But it is impossible!

CARLOS

What is it, Grandma Butterfly?

REYONA

What is it? What do you see?

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

She is in the air. Flying in the air! In the stomach of a giant bird, but she is alive and with her mama and papa. She is flying faster than a diving hawk. This strange bird that she is riding in..is made of iron. The name of the bird...the name of the bird is a "twa."

BRUZCO

I've never heard of this "twa" bird before, maybe you are mistaken?

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

No, the name is even branded on its belly. T.W.A.

ROBERTA

That's an airplane! And I'll be with my parents again, but when?

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

I'm sorry, but it doesn't say. Everything is becoming foggy again. The pictures are disappearing. I am through. There is nothing left in the crystal ball.

ROBERTA

Can't you tell me anything more?

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

I am sorry. There is nothing more.

BRUZCO

Grandma Butterfly, do you swear that these things you've seen are the truth?

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

The crystal ball never lies.

BRUZCO

Then she has stranger and even greater powers than we Gypsies. She has seen and done things so incredible and fantastic that she must possess the secrets of the Ancient Ones!.....It is written in our laws that anyone who possesses the powers of the Ancient Ones, and who is not a Gypsy..must be put to death. Therefore..we..shall..we shall make her a Gypsy!

(The other GYPSIES react happily.)

Silence! Come here little girl. What is your name?

ROBERTA

Bobbie..

BRUZCO

When you become a Gypsy, you will get a new name!

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

Name her Lena, after my dear departed mama.

BRUZCO

No, for her it must be something special, very special.
On with the ceremony!

ROBERTA

Ceremony?

BRUZCO

Certainly, if you are to become a Gypsy, you must prove your
bravery. Reyona, the cloth.

(REYONA places a black cloth on
the ground.)

The blindfold.

(REYONA places a blindfold over
ROBERTA's eyes.)

JIMMY

Please don't hurt her!

(CARLOS restrains him.)

BRUZCO

Now, little girl, there are two things which you must do to
prove your courage. One test is for the stomach, the other
is for the mind.

ROBERTA

Go ahead, I'm not afraid.

BRUZCO

(REYONA hands BRUZCO a cluster of grapes on which he begins to munch.)

The first test is for the stomach. In order to be a Gypsy you must develop the tastes of a Gypsy. You must appreciate and enjoy our food. Open your mouth. You will now eat the Gypsies' most sought after delicacy, the dessert fit for a king. (Winks at the audience) Pickled eyeball of octopus!

(BRUZCO drops a grape into her mouth and she eats it painfully.)

Excellent, your second test is a test in trust. (Winks at CARLOS) Carlos, pile those boxes up in a pile. Higher, much higher.

(CARLOS places a single box about 6" high near ROBERTA.)

Not that high Carlos, they will all fall before we get a chance to use them. Now, Carlos will pick you up and lift you on top of the boxes. I warn you, do not move till I tell you to move.

(CARLOS picks up ROBERTA and lifts her up onto the box. BRUZCO drops to his knees and looks up to ROBERTA.)

Can you hear me?

ROBERTA

Yes.

BRUZCO

Then as your final test, the test of obedience and trust. When I command you, you will step forward and come to me, for I am the king.

ROBERTA

(With one foot she feels only empty space.)

But..

BRUZCO

Come to me.

(ROBERTA hesitates.)

Come to me.

(She steps down, EVERYONE cheers.)

BRUZCO

Hush. We have not finished. Little girl, on your knees.

(From the trunk REYONA fetches
a sword and hands it to BRUZCO.)

I, Bruzco, king of this Gypsy band, by all the powers vested
in me as leader of this group of mangy cutthroats, pickpockets
and cheaters, hereby adopt you, little girl, into our band
and dub thee...

(Undecided, then he touches her
nose with the end of the sword.)

Princess..ah..Princess Button-nose!

ALL GYPSIES

Hail Princess Button-nose!

(They all begin to sing and dance.)

FADE OUT

ACT TWO

The 4th of July, 1894

(At rise, the CHIEF, carrying a flag and the OLD ONE with her drum, lead a parade of townspeople down the aisle and up onto the stage. Following them are MISS PRUDDY, MULE, THE MAYOR, and MR. PEABODY. To greet them on stage are MR. & MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM, BIG LIL, and MR. & MRS. FORTISH. Everyone is singing "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Perhaps the MAYOR might ask the house to join in. After the completion of the song, the TOWNS-PEOPLE greet each other.)

ROBERTA

(She enters from upstage, moves through the crowd then down to the apron.)

Jimmy, Jimmy, where are you?

JIMMY

(He enters from the aisle after asking several children if they have seen CYCLONE.)

Over here. Check the store? (Jumps on stage)

ROBERTA

And the sheriff's office and the livery stable again. I must have gone through the crowd a dozen times. What about you?

JIMMY

I checked the blacksmith's, even ran down to the mill. Cyclone just ain't in town.

ROBERTA

We've got to do something! If the sheriff's gone and we can't find him.

JIMMY

There's the Old One, I'll ask her. Old one, I was wondering if...

OLD ONE

Hawhooo!

JIMMY

I was...

OLD ONE

Hawhooo!

JIMMY

That's what I thought.

ROBERTA

Can't you get her to say anything else?

JIMMY

(Turns to the OLD ONE again and in jest.)

Hawhooo!

OLD ONE

Hawhooo!

ROBERTA

Jimmy, please be serious. We've got to find Cyclone.

(The CHIEF approaches.)

CHIEF

You lookem for Cyclone, huh? Him went back to gold mine, before sun come up. Spirits in hill say..

ROBERTA

Thank you chief. We've got to tell somebody. Who's that man? The one with the big black hat. He looks important. Let's tell him.

JIMMY

He's the mayor, but I don't think he would listen to us.

(MR. PEABODY has placed a box on which the mayor is about to stand.)

ROBERTA

Oh come on. If anybody will listen, it should be him.

MR. PEABODY

The mayor's going to give his speech!

TOWNSPEOPLE

Yea!

MAYOR

(Cloaked in his robe of self-importance, the prissy politician and undertaker is the epitome of what the western man's man is not.)

Ladies and gentlemen, good citizens of Sweetwater, friends and neighbors. Being the duly elected mayor of this here town, and on the behalf of the village elders, I would like to welcome one and all to our annual 4th of July celebration.

TOWNSPEOPLE

Yea!

MAYOR

As you all know, Sweetwater has been doing this sort of thing for as long as we can remember. And this year we've got a real humdinger of a program cooked up for you all.

TOWNSPEOPLE

Yea!

MAYOR

Now, I ain't much on making public speeches...

MR. PEABODY

You're sure right there, mayor.

MAYOR

So I'm going to make this short and snappy. In a few minutes we'll be starting the festivities right here on Main Street. We'll be having a pie eating contest, and for some of you young fellows, a kissing booth! Races and a lot of other exciting things! So, neighbors, get on and enjoy yourselves. You hear!

(TOWNSPEOPLE applaud then break up into small groups.)

ROBERTA

Mayor, can we talk to you? It's very important.

MAYOR

Sure, kids. I'm always willing to listen to you young folks. You'll be voting someday, won't you. Ha. Now what's your problem. (To JIMMY) Don't I know you from somewhere?

JIMMY

(Moving behind ROBERTA) Me? Ah, no. I-I live out in the country, way far out in the country.

ROBERTA

Last night we overheard two men talking about...

MAYOR

I know I've seen you someplace before, boy. I don't forget faces.

ROBERTA

Mayor, last night we overheard two men talking about robbing...

MAYOR

You ever worked for old man Fergerson?

ROBERTA

Mr. Mayor! They're going to rob the bank!

MAYOR

The bank! That's it! Now I know where I've seen you before. Right in front of the bank! I caught you putting cockle burrs under my saddle. Now, you two kids get your dang blasted hides out of my sight or I'll take you both over my knee!

ROBERTA

But they're going to rob the bank!

MAYOR

I said, scat! Get out of here!

(He picks up his box and rejoins the townspeople.)

JIMMY

Nobody will believe us, Bobbie. What'll we do?

ROBERTA

Until Cyclone comes back, we'll just have to play it cool..

JIMMY

We could jump in the river. There's a good swimming hole down by the bridge.

ROBERTA

Not that kind of "cool," oh, never mind.

MAYOR

Will everyone please step over here and drop your name in the hat for the first contest.

ROBERTA

Come on, it should be fun.

JIMMY

I don't know. The Mayor gets awfully mad.

ROBERTA

Ah, come on.

(As the TOWNSPEOPLE gather around the MAYOR, BLACK PETE enters from the aisle.)

BLACK PETE

Psst! Psst! Hey, Mule! Come here.

MULE

That you, boss?

BLACK PETE

Over here, stupid.

MULE

Oh, yeah, boss. Say boss, you're missing all the fun. Why don't you put your name in the hat!

BLACK PETE

Shut up and listen, we've got work to do.

MULE

Oh, yeah, the gold! Gee boss, when I get my share of the gold I'm going to buy me the biggest pair of six shooters you ever saw!

BLACK PETE

There won't be any share if you don't pay attention.

MULE

Sure, boss, I'm all ears.

BLACK PETE

Not so close! Now listen. I want you to keep an eye on the crowd while I case the bank. It shouldn't be too hard to bust in, but I want to do it right. I'll need help, so walk by the back door, knock twice, and I'll let you in.

MULE

Oh, you can count on me, boss. I'll keep a real close eye on the crowd, boss. A real close eye.

BLACK PETE

Just one more thing, Mule.

MULE

Yeah, boss?

BLACK PETE

I want you to stay in the shadows. Don't draw any attention to yourself. I don't want anyone suspicious about our plans. Got it? I want you to use your head and play it quiet. Ok?

(The MAYOR and MR. PEABODY have just moved the pie eating stand directly behind MULE.)

MULE

Sure, boss, use my head and play it quiet.

(He begins to back toward the stand.)

No sweat, boss. My lips are sealed..Nobody will even know I exist. I'll be as quiet as a little mouse.

(He falls into the stand.)

Oophs! Sorry, boss!

BLACK PETE

Shhh. What's the use!

(He throws up his hands in disgust and exits.)

MULE

(After falling into the stand, he collides with MISS PRUDDY, who is bringing two pies to be placed on the stand. She drops her book of poems.)

I'm sorry, real sorry. Didn't see where I was going. I'm sorry, you just forget you ever saw me.

(MULE exits.)

(ROBERTA & JIMMY notice the two pies that have been placed on the counter. As the MAYOR is making his speech, the two crawl over and behind the counter and reach up, tasting the whipped cream.)

MAYOR

It now gives me great pleasure to introduce the first event of the afternoon. The Annual Sweetwater Pie Eating contest! The entries are..

(He notices the two hands reaching up from behind the counter and sampling the pie. Very coyly, he winks at the crowd and moves closer to slap their fingers. Just as he swings, the children remove their hands and he hits only the pie. As he screams, the two children pop up, JIMMY grabs the other pie and the two run off stage.)

Get away from here. You..you kids! Hey there! Come back with that pie!

(He begins to chase them. The two children finally return and hide in the kissing booth.)

MR. PEABODY

Hey, Mayor, how about the contest?

MAYOR

Ah, yes... Ah, Miss Pruddy..two more pies, please.

(He draws from the hat two pieces of paper.)

The contestants are..Bobbie Harrisbone..and Jimmy X? I don't believe I know them.

BIG LIL

Must be the two kids who took your pie!

(TOWNSPEOPLE laugh.)

MAYOR

Just let me get my hands on those two.

MR. PEABODY

They ain't here, Mayor. Draw a couple of other names.

(The MAYOR draws again.)

MAYOR

The two entries are...

(Pulling two pieces of paper from the hat)

Mr. Wiggerbottom..and Mr. Fortish. Standing directly behind them to cheer them on are their little ladies.

(Caught in the excitement, the TOWNSPEOPLE begin placing bets on their favorites. MRS. WIGGERBOTTOM places an apron on her husband.)

MAYOR

You know the rules, gentlemen. You must eat your pie with a fork. The one who finishes his pie first wins for his wife ..a beautiful parasol! Show them, Hank!

(MR. PEABODY raises a parasol.)

Are you ready, gentlemen? On your mark..Oh, what fun..get set..Go!

(As the contest begins, the TOWNSPEOPLE shout words of encouragement to their favorites but MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM doesn't seem to take the contest in fun. She begins to shout and nag her husband. After a short time, the TOWNSPEOPLE's shouts ebb but MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM persists in screaming at her husband. His frustration and resentment mount.)

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

George, faster George...
 You're talking too much...
 You're taking too much time swallowing, George...
 George, let it go down in lumps...
 Bigger pieces, take bigger pieces...
 George, you're going to lose the race. And I want that parasol!
 Oh, George, you're going to lose!
 You don't have to clean off your fork after every bite...
 Faster, faster, I say. You're much too slow...
 Stop mumbling, George, concentrate on your eating. Faster!
 Do you hear me, George?
 Answer me, George.
 Don't talk with your mouth full, you louse, eat.
 You're going to lose. Don't you dare lose. George I'm warning you..I want that parasol..I want it..I want it.
 George, I want it!

(Unable to control himself any longer, MR. WIGGENBOTTOM obliges her by giving it to her, that is, the pie in the face. He misses, however, and hits MR. FORTISH, who in retaliation, throws at

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM, but also misses and hits MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM in the face.)

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

George, I demand you do something! I have never been so embarrassed in all my life.

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Yes, dear.

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

Well, then do something..you..you mouse. Oh, this is too humiliating.

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Yes, dear.

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

Don't just stand there with your tongue hanging out. Well, punch him in the nose!

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Yes, dear.

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

George, you look like you're enjoying it!

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Yes, dear...ah...I mean no, dear.

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

Oh, come along with me..you..you whimp.

(Taking him by the ear, they both exit.)

MR. FORTISH

Mr. Mayor, I demand another chance. The contest wasn't over.

BIG LIL

Yeah, how about it, Mayor?

MAYOR

Well, I don't know, I...

MR. PEABODY

Why not give them both a prize. It was worth it!

(TOWNSPEOPLE laugh and agree.)

MAYOR

I guess it will be ok. Elmer, you can pick up your parasol at the general store. Tell Lewie to charge them both to the village. And will someone tell Mr. Wiggenbottom that he has one coming too. It might get him out of hot water.

(The MAYOR notices that the kissing booth is being set up.)

And now for some real fun! This is what some of you fellows have been waiting for. But I'll turn this part of the program over to Miss Pruddy. Miss Pruddy...Miss Pruddy!

MISS PRUDDY

(As her name would imply, she most certainly is a prude.)

Thank you, Mayor. Yes, of course..Ladies and gentlemen. (Giggles) I guess I just mean..gentlemen. We, that is the ladies of the Sweetwater sewing circle, have undertaken a tremendous project of raising money to build a school for our..I mean, your children. In order to start the barrel rolling, we ladies (She glances at BIG LIL.) and this other woman, have consented to donate our time to stand in the kissing booth.

(She moves into the booth but doesn't notice JIMMY & Roberta.)

The price for one kiss..(She begins to twitch.) The price for one kiss is one...(Becoming more nervous) The price for one kiss is one dollar! Eeek! Something is in this booth!

(After regaining her composure,
she reaches down and brings the
two children up by their ears.)

Mayor, look what I've found!

(Once again, the two break away
and run, the MAYOR after them.)

MAYOR

Just let me get my hands on those kids!

MR. FORTISH

Hey, Mayor. What about the kissing booth?

MAYOR

Oh, yes, of course. Miss Pruddy.

MISS PRUDDY

Because I am the president of the club, I felt it would
only be right that I should be first in the booth. Remember
it's for a worthy cause. The line forms at the right..
(Noone moves) The line forms at the right..

MR. PEABODY

Hey, mayor, why don't you start it out?

MAYOR

Me?

BIG LIL

Yeah, you. You're our leading citizen, aren't you?

MAYOR

Well, yes. I ah..I really don't think that..ah..Yes, of
course. Friends and neighbors, I consider it my proud duty
to ah..donate the first dollar to such a worthy cause.

(TOWNSPEOPLE applaud.)

MR. PEABODY

Well, then go ahead, Mayor.

MAYOR

Yes, ah..I haven't finished yet. As I was saying, there is a time in every man's life when he must stand up and be counted. And I guess this is the time. Miss Pruddy, your dollar.

MISS PRUDDY

Thank you, Mayor.

MAYOR

Yes, friends. There's a time when a...

MISS PRUDDY

Mr. Mayor, you've forgotten something.

MAYOR

Ah?

MISS PRUDDY

Your kiss, you paid the dollar and you're entitled to a kiss.

MAYOR

Yes, I..I guess I am. But that's ok.

MR. PEABODY

You're not chickening out are you, mayor?

MAYOR

Who, me? Of course not.

(Painfully he closes his eyes and kisses her. Realizing that he has survived the ordeal, his courage mounts.)

Come on, boys, it's for a good cause. And it can't hurt anyone. Remember, that school they want to build is for your kids. So let's form a line.

(As MR. PEABODY is pushed in line MULE enters and is shoved in first. Seeing MISS Pruddy, MULE drops to the floor and crawls away. The CHIEF is more than willing and steps in front of MR. PEABODY. After kissing MISS PRUDDY, the CHIEF lets out a terrible howl and steps behind the stand, following MISS PRUDDY.)

MISS PRUDDY

(A bit shaken) Well, I guess I've done my duty. Would any one of you girls like to take over for awhile?

(BIG LIL enters the booth and immediately MR. FORTISH falls in behind MR. PEABODY. MULE enters the line again and in front of MR. PEABODY.)

MULE

Big Lil, I don't think Black Pete would like to see you here, kissing all them guys. He's going to be mighty angry.

MR. PEABODY

Hey, cowboy, keep the line moving.

BIG LIL

And just where is Black Pete? If he thought so much of me, he'd be here, now. Well, where is he?

MULE

Oh, he's down at the bank.

BIG LIL

Down at the what?

MULE

Tha bank...ah, da..da...The river bank! Yeah, the river bank.
He's watching the fish!

BIG LIL

Well you tell him he can stay with his fish for all I care.
Now move on.

MR. PEABODY

Come, buddy, move on.

(MULE enters the saloon. MR. PEABODY pays his dollar for his kiss. As MR. FORTISH steps up to the booth, MR. WIGGENBOTTOM sneaks on stage and quickly gets in line. MR. FORTISH takes a bag of pennies from his pocket and begins to count them, one by one. MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM enters and sees her husband.)

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

George, you get right back to the house. You hear. And don't let me catch you in the line again. Now get!

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Yes, dear.

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

Then, march.

(MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM exits first and her husband follows but he makes a circle and returns to the line, just behind MR. FORTISH who is still counting pennies. The MAYOR now steps in line behind MR. WIGGENBOTTOM.)

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

(To the MAYOR) That woman! I don't see why that old battle axe won't let me donate money to the school. It's for a

worthy cause..(Refers to BIG LIL) And that's the worthiest cause I've seen in a long time.

(MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM enters, sees her husband in the line again and speaking to the MAYOR. She replaces BIG LIL in the booth. MR. FORTISH, seeing the change, quickly brushes all the coins into his hat and rushes back to his wife.)

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

My wife would scalp me alive if she saw me here again. You want to know something else. I haven't kissed my wife in over twenty years! For that I can be happy.

(MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM taps her husband on the shoulder.)

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Oh, have I waited for this!

(He closes his eyes, puckers up then turns to his wife and kisses her. Still without seeing her, he turns back to the MAYOR.)

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Muum! I've got another dollar here someplace!

(He repeats his moves but this time after kissing his wife he opens his eyes. Seeing her, he faints into the MAYOR's arms. MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM revives her husband and leads him off stage.)

MR. PEABODY

(Enters) They're here! The Gypsies are coming down the road!

(The MEN applaud.)

MISS PRUDDY

Mayor, you aren't going to let them in town, are you? You know what those people are like.

MRS. FORTISH

Yes, Mayor, we know what they're like!

MAYOR

Hold on, now ladies, don't get your dander up. Let's discuss this like sensible adults.

MR. FORTISH

Let them in, Mayor. They can't do us no harm.

MR. PEABODY

They got a right to be here.

MAYOR

Yes, I guess that's true enough. I mean, the 4th of July celebration is for everyone and that does include the Gypsies, too.

(The MEN applaud.)

But I should warn you, be a bit careful with your valuables. A few of them have been known to be a..a little light handed.

MR. PEABODY

They're going to set up, right here on main street!

MR. FORTISH

Well, let's give them a proper greeting. Come on, fellows!

(The MEN exist followed by their grumbling wives. JIMMY & ROBERTA are alone on the stage.)

ROBERTA

You know, I was thinking that maybe the Gypsies could help us. They did adopt me as a Gypsy princess.

JIMMY

Nobody would believe them either.

ROBERTA

Bruzco thinks that I've strange powers, even greater than Grandma Butterfly. Maybe if I used those powers we'd be able to do something.

JIMMY

Do you mean you actually have mysterious powers?

ROBERTA

Of course not, but we don't have to tell anyone, do we?

JIMMY

I get it! You'll just pretend you're a witch.

ROBERTA

But I've got to have an object or something. Witches always use things to scare people with. Something they can use to bug people.

JIMMY

Going to be kind of hard, seeing as you ain't a witch.

ROBERTA

Well, it might work. What do you have in your pocket? Really anything can do.

JIMMY

Nothing that a witch might have.

ROBERTA

Look, anyway.

(JIMMY empties the contents of his pockets on the ground.)

JIMMY

An arrowhead, ah that ain't nothing. Hey, a piece of jerky!

ROBERTA

What's jerky?

JIMMY

Dried buffalo meat. No good? Want a bite? Here's something, a baby rattler. Took it off a dead rattlesnake down by our cabin.

ROBERTA

What's that?

JIMMY

Cyclone gave it to me. It's the eye tooth from the biggest grizzly killed in these parts.

ROBERTA

Anything else?

JIMMY

No, I don't think so.. only one of them pieces of your chewing candy. Haven't finished it yet.

ROBERTA

It's chewing gum. Wait! That might work! Have you ever seen shiny paper like this wrapper before?

JIMMY

Nope. At first I thought it was made out of real silver or something that cost a lot of money. Sure is shiny, ain't it?

ROBERTA

Then it might work! It'll look strange enough to anyone who has never seen chewing gum. It's got to have another name. We've got to call it something else..dream..Dream Food! And ..and if you eat it, it'll make you sleep for a hundred years.

JIMMY

Will it really make you sleep for a hundred years?

ROBERTA

Of course not. But we'll find a way to use it.

JIMMY

We won't have long to see if it works cause here come the people and Gypsies.

ROBERTA

I wish Cyclone were here.

JIMMY

Me, too. He'll show up.

ROBERTA

Come on!

(The GYPSIES enter first and set up a small platform decorated with several brightly colored drapes.)

BRUZCO

Remember, we take everything that isn't nailed down or growing..Ah!..Step right up my friends, step right up. That's right, move in closer.

(The TOWNSPEOPLE enter.)

You my friends are about to see the most fantastic and breathtaking show to ever come from the old country! The Grandma Butterfly's Patent Medicine Mystic Show! (Applause) You will see magic, thrills, chills, and of course, the beautiful and tempting "Reyona."

(REYONA steps forward.)

Reyona, the sultry queen of the Nile. Whose every move reveals the secrets of the pharaoh.

(Motions her back)

Before we see Reyona, I want to introduce to you the only living person in the world who knows the secrets of eternal

youth..Grandma Butterfly! (Applause) She is 145 years old and spry as a young colt! What does she owe this long and healthy life to? When she is 500 years old, she will look like she is today. What is the secret? Ah, I'll let Grandma Butterfly tell you herself. Ladies and gentlemen..Grandma Butterfly.

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

My friends, 135 years ago, when I was only 10, my great, great, great grandma whispered into my ear a secret. A secret which has been guarded throughout the ages by Gypsy bands across Europe and Asia. It was the secret of how to live to be 500 years old! And I've only got 355 years left. You, too, my friends, can have this secret, for it is found in every bottle of Grandma Butterfly's Bitterroot Elixir! You can cure rheumatism, lumbago, gout, consumption, mumps, measles, smallpox, chicken pox, headaches, back aches, and even tooth aches! With two bottles of Grandma Butterfly's Bitterroot Elixir, you can increase your brain by ten-fold. With three bottles of Grandma Butterfly's Bitterroot Elixir, you can fell a tree without lifting an axe, shoe a horse without lifting a hammer or dig your own grave without lifting a shovel. All these things are yours, with the one and only Grandma Butterfly's Bitterroot Elixir! (Applause)

BRUZCO

At this time Grandma Butterfly will demonstrate just one of her great powers brought about by using Grandma Butterfly's Bitterroot Elixir. Grandma Butterfly!

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

Thank you. I would like to have a volunteer. Anyone will do.

(MR. WIGGENBOTTOM enters.)

I assure you, it will be quite harmless. (To MR. WIGGENBOTTOM) You'll do quite well. Bruzco, help him on stage.

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

(She sees ROBERTA)

Bruzco, look! Princess Buttonnose! Ladies and gentlemen, for this demonstration I will be assisted by little Buttonnose, a Gypsy princess. Come, princess.

ROBERTA

But I....

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

Do not worry, just do as I say.

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Please, I don't think I should be here. My wife..she..I was..I don't think she'd like it very much. It won't hurt will it? I'm afraid she'd be frightfully angry if she were to see me on stage. I'm not a well man. What are you going to do?

BRUZCO

What is your name?

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Me? Oh, for goodness sakes, George..ah..George P. Wiggenbottom.

BRUZCO

Grandma Butterfly and Princess Buttonnose are going to hypnotize you.

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

That is ridiculous. I've never been hypnotized in my life and I never shall. All you have to do is have resistance and you can not be hypnotized.

(ROBERTA swings a coin in front of him.)

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

(On his lines) When I count to three you will fall asleep.

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

It simply can't be done. I can not be hypnotized.

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

One....two....three...

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Listen, I said I can not be hypnotized. See! All you have to do is resist! I told you that I...

(He immediately drops into a deep sleep.)

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

You spoke of your wife, and in your heart there is a fear of her. When you awake, you will be a changed man. You will have the courage of a lion..

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Grrrrrrrrr....

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

The craftiness of a wolf...

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Hooooowl.....

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

And the strength of a bull...

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Moooooo...

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

(From off stage)

George, where are you?

GRANDMA BUTTERFLY

When the princess claps her hands, you will awake.

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

(She enters and sees her husband on stage.)

George, there you are. Get off that stage and come here this very instant, or I'll whip you within an inch of your life..You..you spineless lout..George, you come here right this second! Do you hear me?

(GRANDMA BUTTERFLY claps her hands.)

(MR. WIGGENBOTTOM awakes and sees his wife. Very frightened, he steps down and approaches her, then suddenly the words simply blurt out.)

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

George, you've disobeyed me for the last time, do you hear?

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Shut up!

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

What did you say?

(Amazed at himself the word blurps out again. He likes it!)

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Shut up!..I said..shut up..shut up shutup shutup..And I mean it! From now on I'm the boss in the house, you understand.

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

You're the what?

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

The boss! The boss! Now you get home and finish the floor and the dishes that I started. And the washing, that is your job from now on.

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

George, I...

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

You're speaking to me..I don't like that..

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

Yes, yes, dear. George, dear I...

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

I've taken all I'm going to take from you, lady. From now on you ask, get it! Grrrrrrr..

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

What--what did you say?

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Hoooowl....

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

What was that? George...

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

Moooo...

MRS. WIGGENBOTTOM

Yes, dear, of course dear...

(MR. WIGGENBOTTOM chases his wife off stage to his howls, bellows and growls.)

BRUZCO

And now ladies and gentlemen, the treat you've all been waiting for. The one and only..The beautiful, Reyona! Queen of the Nile!

(As the music begins, REYONA appears from behind the curtain. When she begins to dance, her every movement seems to hold the entire crowd spellbound. BRUZCO signals CARLOS and they both begin

to steal articles from the townspeople. CARLOS takes the CHIEF's rifle. BRUZCO removes the parasol from MRS. FORTISH's hand. CARLOS removes the MAYOR's watch while BRUZCO unfastens the gun and holster from under MR. PEABODY's coat. Noone misses the articles. As the two begin to compare their loot, ROBERTA & JIMMY walk up behind them.)

ROBERTA

Hello, Bruzco.

BRUZCO

(He and CARLOS try to hide the stolen articles.)

Ah, my princess. It is so good to talk to you again.

ROBERTA

We saw what you were doing there, and I'm ashamed of you, Bruzco.

BRUZCO

But we are so poor and hungry, Princess Buttonnose. We have never done this terrible thing before, but our stomachs are growling from emptiness. We need these things to buy food. You must forgive us, little one. It is not a thing we like to do.

ROBERTA

It makes no difference. It's not right and you must return all those things.

BRUZCO

But we can not do that.

ROBERTA

You said that I had powers even greater than Grandma Butterfly. Isn't that true?

BRUZCO

Yes, but..

ROBERTA

And I can call on these powers to punish you if I must.

JIMMY

She's telling the truth. I saw her. It's really groovy!

ROBERTA

(She holds the chewing gum with the wrapper.)

Do you see this?

BRUZCO

Why, look, Carlos! It is silver!

ROBERTA

Yes, and wrapped inside this silver, is Dream Food. With this I can make you sleep for a hundred years. Do you want that?

BRUZCO

My princess, you would not do that to Bruzco...Carlos, we put these things back there we found them.

CARLOS

But, Bruzco..

BRUZCO

Put them back before I break every bone in your body!

(The two quickly return all the objects. The dancing then stops and the people applaud.)

MR. WIGGENBOTTOM

(Entering from off stage)

The bank! The bank's been robbed! Somebody robbed the bank!

TOWNSPEOPLE

Someone stole our gold!
The bank's been robbed!
Who could have stolen our gold!
Catch the thief!
Who stole the gold!
Our life savings!

CYCLONE

(Happy and shouting, he enters
out of breath.)

Yipee! Yipee! I hit it! I hit gold! We're rich!. Yipee!

(The TOWNSPEOPLE stop shouting and
look towards him.)

Yipee! I hit it, I tell you. I struck the mother lode!
Right there on my claim. Jimmy, Bobbie, do you know what
that means? We're rich! I struck a vein running right down
to the creek..Gold. People, the mountain's full of it!
There's enough gold for everyone! What's the matter?....
Why aren't you happy?...Enough for everybody...What's..
What's the matter? Why are you staring at me?

MR. PEABODY

He's the one who robbed the bank! He's got our gold!

CYCLONE

Aye, take it easy now, you've got it all wrong.

MR. FORTISH

Grab him before he gets away. He's got our gold!

CYCLONE

Has the whole town gone crazy?

(He makes a wild dash but is caught.)

MR. FORTISH

(Taking a pouch from CYCLONE)

Look what I found! He's got our gold all right, right in
his pocket! Take him to jail!

JIMMY

We've got to do something! They've got the wrong man!

ROBERTA

Bruzco, Cyclone is our friend and we know he's innocent.
You've got to help us stop them.

BRUZCO

(Showing his cowardly streak)

There is nothing to worry about. The people are just a little excited. They will not hurt your friend.

MAYOR

Please, everybody, please! Quiet! Quiet! We've got to have law and order here! That's much better, much better.

MR. PEABODY

This ain't no time for speeches, Mayor. He stole our gold!

MAYOR

I know that..Now the sheriff isn't in town, so we've got to handle this by ourselves. But in an orderly and law abiding way.

(BLACK PETE & MULE enter from the saloon. BLACK PETE drops a saddle bag by the door.)

BLACK PETE

Throw him in jail!

MULE

Yeah, throw him in jail.

MAYOR

Quiet, please. That won't solve anything. The way I see it, Cyclone has robbed the bank but he's only got one pouch of gold on him. Now we've got to get the rest of the gold back.

BLACK PETE

String him up. Make him talk.

MULE

Yeah, make him talk.

MR. FORTISH

Mayor, our life savings were in the bank!

MAYOR

Ok! Ok! I'll take care of this. Now just don't get excited. Cyclone, it'll go a lot easier on you if you tell us where you hid the rest of the gold.

CYCLONE

Has the whole town lost its bloomin' head? I've not robbed no bank. And the gold in the pouch, it's me own. I've struck gold, I've been telling you. I've struck gold on me own claim!

BLACK PETE

A likely story. He's guilty all right. Just look at him!

MULE

Yeah, just look at him!

MRS. FORTISH

Throw him in jail. Make him talk.

MR. FORTISH

Here's some rope. Tie him up so he can't escape.

ROBERTA

We've got to stop them...(She sniffs the air.) Jimmy!
(He sniffs too.) Dandylions!

JIMMY

No--roses!

ROBERTA

I can smell dandylions, Jimmy. Do you know what that means? Please stop, people! I can tell you who the real robbers are!

JIMMY

It's no use. They won't listen.

ROBERTA

Bruzco, do something, please. Make them listen to me!

BRUZCO

I am sorry, little princess, but we Gypsies do not wish to get mixed up in this sort of thing. It is not too healthy. There are too many of them..We are outnumbered. They would not hurt this Cyclone man..

ROBERTA

Remember the Dream Food! (Waving the gum)

BRUZCO

Not even the Dream Food will make us move. I would rather sleep for a hundred years than get killed. I am sorry, we can not help you.

ROBERTA

(She pleads to BRUZCO but to no avail. The TOWNSPEOPLE have put a rope around CYCLONE's neck, and many are yelling "string him up." ROBERTA & JIMMY attempt to take it off but the mob shoves them back. Just when everything seems hopeless..she remembers the radio! She rushes to the porch and pulls out the radio and turns it on. There is a loud blast of pop music which "rocks" the entire town. The TOWNSPEOPLE turn to her, all stare dumbfounded. After a few moments the CHIEF & OLD ONE

begin to dance. ROBERTA holds the radio up to BRUZCO.)

BRUZCO

Princess, we will be glad to help your friend.

(BRUZCO claps his hands and the rest of the GYPSIES surround the crowd. They are all holding weapons. BRUZCO has placed himself near BLACK PETE & MULE. He shoots a pistol over the heads of the townspeople. Everyone freezes.)

BRUZCO

Everybody, please do not move. You are surrounded. My family is very nervous and there may be an accident if anyone were to reach for his gun. Your problems will soon be solved for the princess says she will find the real bank robbers.

ROBERTA

I know I can. Bruzco, just have them spread out.

BRUZCO

You heard the princess, give her room.

ROBERTA

(As soon as the crowd opens up, she slowly moves from person to person sniffing everyone. When she approaches BLACK PETE, he steps behind MULE. She continues on, becoming more frantic and unsure.)

I know he's here someplace. I can smell him. (To the audience) Please help me! Which one is he? (Pointing to the MAYOR) Is it him? Who is it? Help me! (Pointing to BLACK PETE) Is it him?...He did it. He robbed the bank.

(BRUZCO grabs them both.)

MULE

He did it! He did it! All I did was break the window.
It was his idea.

BLACK PETE

Shut up, you stupid fool.

BRUZCO

The gold! Where's the rest of the gold?

MULE

There in the saddle bags. It was his idea. I-I just broke
the glass in the window.

MAYOR

Take them to jail and lock them up.

(MR. FORTISH & MR. PEABODY lead
the two into jail. The rest of
the townspeople begin to disperse
and exit.)

(To ROBERTA & JIMMY) And for you two. I don't know how we
can thank you. That was our life savings in the bank. Thank
you. And Cyclone, please forgive us, we're very sorry.

(As the MAYOR moves away)

CYCLONE

Ah, Mayor, the pouch. (The MAYOR returns the pouch and exits
with the saddle bags.)

ROBERTA

Oh, thank you, Bruzco. You and your people are the real
heroes.

BRUZCO

No, princess, it was your strange powers that captured them.
Without your mysterious buttonnose, you would have never been
able to sniff them out.

ROBERTA

Where are you and your family going now that the celebration seems to be over?

BRUZCO

We Gypsies never stay too long at any one place, mostly for our health. Maybe someday we meet again. Our humble wagon is your home.

ROBERTA

Thank you, Bruzco. (She kisses him.) And goodbye. Goodbye Grandma Butterfly, Carlos, Reyona. I hope we do meet again.

BRUZCO & OTHERS

Bye, little princess. Bye, Princess Buttonnose.

(The GYPSIES exit, leaving only
CYCLONE, ROBERTA & JIMMY.)

CYCLONE

Well, we really struck it rich today. And Jimmy, Bobbie, a share of the gold is yours. We're partners, remember.

(JIMMY begins carving on the
post.)

ROBERTA

Oh, thank you, Cyclone. But I don't..(Notices JIMMY) What are you doing, Jimmy?

JIMMY

(Embarrassed) Carving.

ROBERTA

Carving what?

JIMMY

Just carving, that's all. Can't a fellow carve some silly old initials if'en he wants to?

(Absentmindedly, ROBERTA pulls out a stick of gum, unwraps it and puts it into her mouth. Seeing this, JIMMY is horrified.)

Stop! Don't put it in your mouth!..Oh, you did it! That was the..the Dream Food. You ate it!

CYCLONE

She ate what?

JIMMY

She put the Dream Food into her mouth. Now she'll sleep for a hundred years!

ROBERTA

Oh, don't be silly. It was just chewing gum..I told you.. Remember (yawns) it was just to frighten them..(Yawns) Oh, I'm so sleepy..sleepy..

(She falls asleep.)

JIMMY

Don't fall asleep, Bobbie. Please don't fall asleep. Cyclone, do something, she'll sleep for a hundred years.

(Knowingly, CYCLONE motions to JIMMY and they both back away and exit. While ROBERTA is sleeping, the town undergoes another change, but back to its previous form. Once again it is a ghost town. MR. & MRS. HARRISBONE enter.)

MRS. HARRISBONE

Herbert, I can't imagine why they would want to build a railroad like that. The accommodations must have terrible. Isn't that sweet. (Looking at ROBERTA) She must have really been tired. Roberta, wake up. Wake up. We have to get back to the car.

ROBERTA

Oh..ah..Mummy!...Daddy! You've come back! (Squeezes them) I'm so glad you're back. Where's Jimmy and Cyclone?

MRS. HARRISBONE

Who?

ROBERTA

Jimmy and Cyclone. Why, it's a ghost town! Where did everyone go?

MRS. HARRISBONE

Roberta, you really had a dream!

ROBERTA

How long did I sleep?

MR. HARRISBONE

We were gone for 15 or 20 minutes.

ROBERTA

But everything seemed so real. (Touches the carvings)

MR. HARRISBONE

Come, you two. We've got a long walk back to the car, and those clouds seem to be building up.

MRS. HARRISBONE

Well, I guess we didn't have time to eat our lunch. She picks up the basket.) Roberta, this basket is nearly empty! You didn't eat all that food by yourself, did you?

ROBERTA

I thought I gave some to Cyclone and Jimmy...

MRS. HARRISBONE

To whom?

MR. HARRISBONE

Would you people please hurry. I don't want to get caught in the rain.

(MR. HARRISBONE moves to the apron.)

ROBERTA

Mother.

MRS. HARRISBONE

Yes.

ROBERTA

Mother..can..can dreams be real?

MRS. HARRISBONE

Can dreams be real?

ROBERTA

I mean, if you dream something, did it really happen?

MRS. HARRISBONE

Of course not. Why do you ask?

ROBERTA

Oh, nothing..nothing at all.

(MR. HARRISBONE assists both off the stage, then he and his wife begin walking down the aisle. ROBERTA pauses.)

MR. HARRISBONE

I hope I can turn the car around on the road. You know we may have to back up a couple of miles. Watch out for that branch.

MRS. HARRISBONE

Do you think they'll put that ghost town on the map, now that we've found it?

MR. HARRISBONE

I guess so. But I kind of hate to see it happen. Roberta!

(As MR. & MRS. HARRISBONE continue walking and talking down the aisle, ROBERTA slowly follows. She then decides to take one last look at Sweetwater. To her amazement, she sees two people standing by the saloon, CYCLONE & JIMMY. The two are waving goodbye to her. She waves back.)

MR. HARRISBONE

Don't get too far behind, Roberta.

ROBERTA

(With a knowing smile, she turns to the audience.)

Coming, daddy, I'm coming.

(She exits. Fade out.)

THE END